

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

VOL. 3

OCTOBER 25, 1927

No. 1

PENTATHLON SPONSORS

FALL FASHION SHOW

Auditorium is Scene of First Social Event of Year

Pentathlon Society held a fashion show in the auditorium on Saturday, September 24.

Morning and sports wear were first shown by the models. During the intermission between acts, Louise Beaman entertained with several popular songs.

For the second act the models were dressed in street and afternoon dress. Millie Shafer was band master in this act, as she led each model to the center of the stage and sang "Ain't She Sweet?" Millie made an interesting boy in a green sweater and white duck pants.

The entertainers during the intermission between the second and third acts included Kay Johnson doing the "light fantasies" with Dot Reheard guiding the time at the piano.

Evening dresses and wraps were used in the third act with the names of the gown announced by Page boy, Peg McConoughy. Following are the girls and the names of the gowns they wore: Frances Ballard as Moonbeam, Millie Shafer as June Night, Verdi Biterman as Sophistication, Margeret Biterman as Fascination, Irene Dudley as Love, Gertrude Smith as the College Widow, Ann Brown as Passion, Martha Baer as Romance, Jeanette Plummers as Innocence, and Eduvina Cabellero as Spain.

The performance was under the direction of Roberta Shafer.

CHEMISTRY CLUB PLANS

The first meeting of the Chemistry Club was held on Wednesday evening, October 5, in the Chemistry room.

The club plans a dinner for October 18 and is also making preliminary arrangements for an entertainment to be held very soon. The Greek letters A B G were adopted as the insignia of the club, and will probably be on the new pins, which they plan to exhibit very soon.

Welcome

We wish to welcome you, Freshmen—but after being greeted by every other congregation in school, you might possibly be a little weary of welcomes—but show us the girl who doesn't like to hear about herself!

You're swell—not another bunch like you. We are telling you frankly, we are expecting big things from you. Co-operation, team-work and, above all, loyalty, girls—that is what our Freshman Class comes for.

The Staff

College President



DR. JESSE PENNEY MARTIN

Who is Acting President of Beaver College, taking the place of Dr. Lynn H. Harris, resigned

Bigger Freshman Classes

Welcomed at Beaver

The fall opening of Beaver College, at Jenkintown, last week, saw the enrollment of four hundred and sixty-eight students, with the largest freshman class in the history of the college.

Rev. Jesse Penney Martin, Ph. D., D. D., chaplain, has been elected acting president of the college. Dr. Martin is a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College and Princeton Theological Seminary. His post-graduate work was done at the universities of Princeton, Denver and Pittsburgh; he received his master's degree at Princeton. During the World War he attained the rank of captain.

Dr. Martin is taking the place of Dr. Lynn H. Harris, who resigned as president of Beaver College to become associate head of Howard Seminary at West Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Dr. Martin's address in the college Chapel on Sunday evening, included a greeting to the new students. He set forth the standards of the college and pleaded with each girl to carry the atmosphere of her home life into the spirit of our college halls. "Our social upbringing should be carried into our college careers" Dr. Martin stated. "Home life should prevail in the heart of every girl as she enters for the first time within the walls of the college dormitories."

Dr. Martin said that students would be judged by the manner in which they conducted themselves. The good name of Beaver College depends on the character of each young woman that professes herself a student of the college.

MOCK DANCE BY Y. W. C. A.

for the new girls, Friday evening September 30. The big sisters' took their Freshmen sisters and many were dressed in costume. Music was furnished by an ensemble of violin and piano. Punch and cakes were served and all voted the evening an entire success.

Faculty Tea

A faculty tea was given by the social directress, Mrs. Zerbacken, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Hall and Mrs. Dodge on Friday afternoon, September 30, in the Green Parlors of the Main building.

Mrs. S. C. Zerbacken gave a short address of welcome to the old and new members of the faculty. Mrs. S. C. Wallace and Miss Lewis poured and were assisted by several of the student teachers in serving. Miss Lewis, Mrs. Ripley and Miss Evans entertained during the afternoon.

The rooms were attractively decorated with cut flowers and candles.

Reception to Students

The annual Faculty Reception was held at Beaver College on Friday night October 6. The receiving line formed at eight o'clock in the Green Parlors. There were forty members of the faculty in line. Miss Dorothy Smith, president of the Student Board, headed the line, with President Martin following.

Dancing followed in the Gymnasium. The escorts represented many of the nearby colleges and universities. During the intermission refreshments were served in the Main dining room. The success of this first social function gives promise of many enjoyable times to come.

Pete Again Officiates

As Happy Bridegroom

The biggest wedding of the social season at Beaver College occurred last Friday evening when Miss Irene Dudley became the blushing bride of Mr. Pete (Irene) Reid at a quiet (?) ceremony in the college chapel. Strains of soft music and the grand eloquent voice of Deacon Eleanor Krips gave the proper note of solemnity to the occasion. The sermon, penned beforehand by the deacon, surpassed all previous sermons.

Everything was there—rice and all! Mr. T. Thomas gave his daughter away, while Mary Berry acting up to the usual traditions of the mother of the bride, was being consoled by the groom's mother, M. F. Hedrick.

F. Wells was present in the capacity of best man, and Lillian Hart was maid of honor to the bride.

Dot Smith was the ring bearer of the occasion. The flower girls were Francis Ballard and Gladys Walgren. The brides-maids were Marion Wasley, Verdi Biterman, Gertrude Myer, Mary Burch, Betty Pierpont and Ruth Richardson. The ushers were Henrietta Watts, Ida Hughes, Katherine Skeets, Alice Rutledge, Virginia Henry and Mary Anderson.

BEECHBARK ELECTS

Elections for Beechbark, the Beaver College Year Book, were held October 11 in the auditorium.

Lillian Allis was elected editor-in-chief; Nance Cooke, assistant editor; Katherine Hart, business manager; Dorothy Wuchter and Gertrude Meyer, assistant business managers; Elizabeth Matthews, literary editor; Catherine Merritt, assistant literary editor; Meta Jenks, art editor; Virginia Henry, assistant art editor; Irene Ried, alumnae; Betty Wells, sports; Marion Wasley, joke editor; and Regina Larson, assistant joke editor.

The Staff held its first meeting October 13 and plans were discussed. The work is being organized and it is hoped that the greater part of the plans will be completed by Christmas vacation.

FALL SPORT SEASON

PROSPECTS ARE GOOD

Tentative Varsity Line-up Wins Hockey Game From Abington

The fall sport season started with promise at Beaver College when Miss Virginia Walton called roll at the first varsity practice and heard nine of last year's varsity and all of last year's subs answer "here!"

The schedule so far gives the first game with Ursinus on October 22, with Cedar Crest on October 28. Ursinus on November 4, and New York University on November 11. About October 17 a preliminary game is scheduled with Jenkintown High School.

Roberta Shafer, varsity full back on the 1927 team, is back this year in the capacity of assistant coach, leaving her old position open to the aspiring beginners. Mary Everhart's graduation opens up center-forward.

Charlotte Boucher, star on the Jenkintown High team of two years ago, is back to hold down her old position at left wing. Charlotte did some mighty good work for Beaver last year and is slated to continue it through this year. However, after a good look at the new material in snappy action, it is rumored that there will be a radical change in the varsity lineup this year.

A TENTATIVE LINEUP

A tentative lineup for the Beaver varsity hockey team met and defeated the Abington High School varsity by a score of 5-3 on the Beaver field, Thursday, October 13, in a preliminary game.

The game started with a sort of mad dashing around the field, but in the second quarter each team got under way with a little bit of team work and gave its audience a pretty good game of hockey. The Abington team is to be congratulated on its splendid stand against the college team which, of course, was the heavier of the two.

The lineup follows:

| ABINGTON | BEAVER |
|-----------|------------|
| Thornton | RW Willets |
| Staff | RI Wilson |
| Smith | CF Boucher |
| Reichard | LI Watts |
| Prock | LW Franks |
| Bassett | RH Steele |
| Dinwoodie | CH Cooke |
| Riggs | LH Cross |
| Bassett | CH Reid |
| Waugh | RF Krips |
| Adams | G Darby |

Referees—Miss Roberta Shafer, Miss Gertrude Herzog. Time of Halves—30 minutes. Goals—Beaver, Wilson 3, Boucher 1, Franks 1; Abington; Staff 2, Smith 1.

Last spring saw the beginning of archery for Beaver athletes. The range has been under treatment during the summer and now has a business-like appearance. This spring will probably see the range and markswomen in such shape that they can hold down a competing varsity team.

The fall interclass soccer tournament has been scheduled for the near future.

Tennis preliminary work is good. There will be a spring tennis varsity team.



Campus Crier

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| | |
|----------------------------|---|
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OCTOBER 25, 1927

CAMPUS PROBLEMS

How many Beaver College students understand the process under which student government should function?

Student government, as generally accepted, functions as follows, "Rules introduced to Student Assembly by the Student Board originate in Assembly or at meetings of the Faculty Advisory Committee. These rules are discussed by the assembly, passed or revised and submitted to the faculty advisory committee, which passes or revises. If a rule is revised it returns to the Student Assembly for further action. When finally passed by both bodies the rule becomes a law which student government enforces, having placed the law on itself.

Student Government with students governing is being carried out successfully in other colleges and the faculty of Beaver College, like other colleges faculties are ready to stand back of a well organized, smoothly-running Student Government, but we feel that there is a large number of new students who are not getting the right impression of Student Government.

Team work is as essential in organizations as on the field. No ground will be gained by corner discussions or after-lights arguments. What is the purpose of Student Government? It is "for the benefit of the students and the college." In order to receive benefit from it, there must be organization and cooperation. Behind

the organization there must be a definite goal, and that goal should be the participation of every student in the Student Assembly.

THE ADULT STUDENT

"Why study?" inquires the 'New Student' and goes on to answer her own question thus: "Vassar girls are influenced mainly by interest in the subject and the amount of work expected or necessary, with sense of future value and marks next but of considerably less importance." This conclusion is drawn by Katherine H. Pollak, writing in the School and Society, from explanations of the division of time made by 89 seniors, which was one third of the class, for the second semester 1924-1925. "According to the students themselves," writes Miss Pollak, "there is a fairly even balance between those incentives (requirements and marks) which indicate lack of intellectual independence and those more desirable ones (interest and value) which one would expect to find predominant in the adult scholar."

Miss Pollak employs a very happy phrase, "the adult scholar." By it she means one whose mental processes have advanced beyond the grammar school stage of merely enduring a subject, one who is studying intelligently, determined to wring every drop of interest and value from the subject. Such a student intends, when a course is finished, to have materially enriched her grey matter by the absorption of its contents. This does not mean that the adult scholar is a grind. Not that at all. Nor can she repeat every detail of every recitation. Heaven forbid! She has advanced beyond the mechanical stage, and here it would be possible to digress at length on the disadvantages of mechanical studying, as compared with studying to grasp the spirit of a course. The latter is essentially the aim of the adult scholar.

For example, a girl of this type has taken a course in Shakespeare. At its conclusion she has not only received a passing mark, but she has also broadened her mind by a glimpse of the "spacious time of great Elizabeth" and made permanent places in her mind for the characters of the greatest dramatist. Every course which is really studied adds immensely, if unconsciously to the future mental background of the student. Even the ones we "skim through" make tiny changes in the pattern of our minds.

"But," protests some one, "while it may be easy to add to the personality with a course in Shakespeare, or even a foreign language, how is one to do it with all the dry subjects one must always take? The answer is to use that word "imagination." The ability to see beyond the immediate problem in chemistry, for instance, to the fascinating fields of "science of which that subject is but a part. The ability to imagine is to clothe the dry bones of a subject with the living flesh.

These years at college are, for most of us, the last ones in which we shall study. Why not, then, use them as adult students, studying with the will to learn and with imagination? Working with these two assets, anyone should be able to discover in her courses, the interest and value, for which Vassar seniors are searching. A similar course tak-

en in the Beaver upper classes might have an interesting result.

PLAYING THE GAME

Last Friday the finals of the Inter-club Tennis Tournament were played. Merion came in ahead, Philadelphia Cricket Club second, and Germantown Cricket Club third. The games were snappy and interesting and many of the amateurs showed remarkably good form.

From various directions around Beaver come growls and grumbles about the required two hours a week of athletics. Hockey, and archery, as well as tennis come in for their share of the knocks. Why kick? If you've never tried any of these sports how do you know whether you can do them or not? Many athletes famous today, came into the limelight through college athletics. Incidentally, a "B" looks well on a sweater—so, Dubs, don't despair.

Letters to the Editor

Journalism—what a thrill that word gives me! Immediately it suggests the reviewing of a show, of some sort, or the interviewing of some famous personage. What a wonderful opportunity for one to get a true picture of life—life as it really is.

I have often wondered why so few girls have gone in for newspaper work. Not because they haven't the ability. Not at all! They lack courage! Such girls think thusly:

"Oh, I'd love to write but I doubt my ability to do so. I'd be taking a chance and most likely I'll lose out."

The field of Journalism for women is wide and holds vast opportunities for a successful venture. Of course, the road to success is not an easy one. It means lots of hard work, lots of deprivations in the way of certain other good times and that "never give up" spirit. But it's worth it a thousand times over! Think of the thrills, the excitement, and the ever changing atmosphere into which you are put. Doesn't it make the hard trail lots easier?

Girls, if you have the least inclination toward writing, develop it. Work hard, never shirk, and go at it with the right kind of spirit and you're bound to have the gods smile favorably on you.

A New Student

FRESHMEN

(With apologies to any modern poet)
Freshmen—legions of freshmen,
Timid, uncertain freshmen,
Homesick, lost-looking freshmen,
Confident, eager freshmen,
Blase, superior freshmen,
(One suspects them of inner trepidations)
Inquisitive freshmen,
"Where is the gym? Is this English 1?"
"How often can you have dates?"
Armies of them overflow the halls.
In a week they will be condescending to latecomers.
But ah, heavens—freshmen!

V. Henry

Book Review

The Tread of Gold

The Thread Of Gold, by Margaret Widdemer, deals with the two-fold problem of the woman who wished to retain her own individuality as a person and go on with her profession after marriage.

Sylvia and Richard, young, intelligent and deeply in love, are faced with this modern issue, and try to

settle it first her way then his. The book is written from the viewpoint of Sylvia. She struggles to refrain from following the example of her mother, who has apparently become a pale shadow of her magnetic ultimatum she finds a temporary contentment, but a crisis again arises, and Sylvia's father steps in to settle the matter.

The book does not definitely solve the problem of the modern woman and marriage, but it does suggest that with love, and frank discussion, the subject will enable individual couples to make their own adjustments to each other and the changed conditions of twentieth century marriage.

V. Henry

DESMOND—BURNS

Miss Mary G. Desmond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Desmond, 4285 Walton avenue, Philadelphia, and Dr. John C. Burns of Wyncote, were married last month in the church of St. Francis de Sales by Rev. John L. Morrison of Fort Edward, New York. A wedding breakfast followed at Garden Court, husband. By yielding to Richard's

The bridal trip was in Canada and Dr. and Mrs. Burns are now at home in Wynote. Dr. Burns is attending physician at Beaver College and chemical surgeon at Samaritan Hospital. He is also connected with the Stetson Hospital.

THE OLD PINE TREE

In the Indian days of long ago
Came an Indian lad with his Indian bow,
To conquer the heart of his Indian maid
Who awaited him in the friendly shade
Of the old pine tree.

As he crossed the valley, he heard her call
And he stepped in the path, standing straight and tall,
To him, her mate, echoed soft and clear
I'm waiting for you, Indian lad dear,
Under the lone pine tree.

He quickened his pace, and came to her side
Where he prayed the Great Spirit he might ever abide,
The sun sinking low in the colorful west
Etched their shadows upon the mountain's breast
Under the lone pine tree.

They stood together in silence and awe
And passed the sign of the Indian law,
The Indian lad with his hunting bow
And the Indian maid of long ago.
Under the old pine tree.

Catherine Merritt

Review

My Letter Box

My letter box is dusty;
No mail do I receive.
My stationery is musty
My letter box is dusty
Its corners are all rusty;
Night and day I grieve.
My letter box is dusty;
No mail do I receive.

Peryll Preuss

Review

The Man-Eating Tiger

"The Man-Eating Tiger," a play by Rose Caylor and Ben Hecht, played at the Walnut last Saturday to a capacity house of seventy-five people—six of those being Beaverites who saw all and knew all from the first row center. Judging from the house it drew, the play was a dead flop. But from the inside looking up—it was one of the cleverest vehicles presented on the stage in a mighty long time.

Dimitri, a typical Ben Hechtian personality, was the instrument through whom came such phrases as "night—the Madonna of the spaces"—"night—a sleeping eagle"—and such artistry as a "gray wind beating against a black storm." Dimitri was the gallant cavalier, loved by women.

The leading lady who was Rose Caylor's own, was clever and overflowing with good humor, and the man to whom she was engaged was a very boring individual who discussed nothing but electric refrigerators and the finer qualities of a Timken over an Acme bearing. Naturally the leading lady was given occasion for many cryptic sallies on man, human and inhuman. And in Hecht's mighty bluntness the—er—great American habit was dealt with not sparingly.

And so it goes. A play like that—with all those brilliant essayings of humor and subtlety—Why, according to the public, is not such a play popular? What is wrong?

Off the Palette

The Art department commences the new year with but few changes and approximately the same number enrolled. Of the faculty, Mr. Nuse is still with us, of course, as are Miss Rowan, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Mr. Spruance. Miss Wadsworth's place as head of the design course is taken by Mrs. Andrade of Jenkintown. Miss Lillian Allis is Mr. Nuse's assistant and monitor.

Several students who are studying elsewhere have drifted back for another look at the studio. Martha Duprey spent the week-end of the first with Virginia Henry, before beginning her work at the Academy of Fine Arts. Jessica Link was back for a very short visit; she is also studying in Philadelphia, at the school of Industrial Arts. Jane Emory, who spent the week-end with Isabel Halleron, is studying at Parson's Institute, in New York.

The Fellowship of the Beechwood School of Fine Arts held its first meeting of the year on October 6. The following officers were elected: Olive Cross, president; Katherine Damses, vice-president; Jane Spaeter, secretary and treasurer.

Beclex News

The Expression Department will present two plays before Christmas, a comedy and a drama. The department is still under the direction of Miss Gladys Evans, with students from the Speech Arts and Physical Education departments.

The Beclex club, abbreviated from Beaver College Expression, is continuing its work of fostering dramatics in the college.

OVER YOUR SHOULDER

I said that I loved you
As I held you close in my arms,
When over your shoulder
A new face appeared—
An alluring, exotic flower.
Again I said, "I love you,"
But I was looking
Over your shoulder.

Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

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Manuscript Club Opens
Year With Dinner Party

The Manuscript Club commemorated its first anniversary at a table party in the Main dining room on Wednesday evening, October 5. The most interesting looking part of the decorations was the large chocolate cake in the middle of the table with the M. S. initials inscribed on it in white icing. The place cards and candy basket favors were in rose and yellow.

Several of the honorary members of the club, Anne Muntean, Marge Kennedy and Alma Espenschiede, were guests of the club.

The officers of the club for the ensuing year are Betty Matthews, president; Catherine Merritt, vice-president; Peryll Preuss, secretary; Florence Engleman, treasurer; and Miss Taylor, historian. The manuscript colors have been chosen with a background of white to represent manuscript paper and a band of blue to represent typewriter ribbon.

Following the dinner a meeting of the club was held in the College News Bureau.

Pentathlon Dinner

Pentathlon, athletic society of Beaver College, gave a dinner on Tuesday evening in honor of the birthday of Miss Olive Cross, an active member of the society. The table was decorated in green and white. Pentathlon colors. A big Chocolate Cake, an important item with every member, was very much in evidence. In fact, the Chocolate Cake is becoming inseparable from Pentathlon feeds and becoming more and more associated, Pentathlon and Chocolate Cake, in the college mind.

"Supposing there were five boys sitting on a fence and one of them decided to jump off of it: how many fellows would be left sitting on the fence?"

"Four, of course."

"Wrong again. The fellow only decided to jump. He didn't do it."

Ollapod

Minneapolis, Minn.—(IP)—Only one student in fifty of those entering the University of Minnesota this year was found to be physically perfect by the examining physician.

Another Review

Honor First

In Honor First, featuring John Gilbert and Renee Adoree, Mr. Gilbert appears in his first dual role and does some extremely satisfactory work. Miss Adoree's part in the picture is not big enough for this emotional actress. However, when she comes to the fore, her work is creditable.

War films seem rather prevalent at the present time and Honor First adds another to the list. Mr. Gilbert plays the part of twin brothers. The one, Honore, cowardly and despicably low in his actions; the other, Jacques, very fine and noble. While on the battlefield, the latter, in order to save his brother's company from destruction, takes Honore's uniform and makes him a hero despite himself.

The surrounding bill at the Fox Theatre includes a very clever act by Jans and Whalen, Beatrice Belkin, coloratura soprano, entertainment by "The Crusaders," and a Movietone of Babe Ruth "swatting a homer" and horse races at Belmont.

The Fox Theatre Grand Orchestra, under the direction of William A. Krauth, gives a very striking interpretation of "Tannhauser."

Rose Teplitz

SEVENTH HEAVEN

Girls, the picture for you to see is "Seventh Heaven" starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrel, now showing at the Philadelphia playhouses.

The story is laid in the slums of Paris and centers around the love of Chico, a "sewer rat" for a poor, emaciated girl he finds lying unconscious in the street. Many humorous and pathetic incidents occur because of the utter simplicity of Chico, that "very remarkable fellow." He is finally converted from Atheism through the realization that "le bon Dieu" has answered his prayers for a wife and the coveted position of streetwasher. The lovers are blissfully happy in their "Seventh Heaven" when war shatters their paradise.

Both the principals are to be congratulated on their fine portrayals of the parts. The settings are typical of the Paris slums and make the story very picturesque.

Mary A. Harizell

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GREETING CARDS

Did You Know That---

From all reports we need a private press to record the good times enjoyed this summer.

Polly Kempe spent two weeks in Bermuda with a friend. From the grin Polly handed out—she had a wonderful time. Meriam Goodwin, or Mim, to go with Polly, spent the summer at Green Pond. Uh huh, she had a wonderful time, too.

Regina Larson worked in the Public School Playgrounds of Amboy during the summer.

Kay Hart worked for three whole weeks in New York as secretary to her father. Kay didn't tell us any more.

Playground work seemed to be rather popular this summer. Hazel Grubb put in her share in Williamsport, where she lives.

Mary Berry spent the summer in Nova Scotia. We know she could tell us a lot about it.

Dotty Wuchter and Ginnie Rose were counsellors at Sunrise Camp, Downingtown, Pa. They both need more space than this, but some time we'll ask them to write up some of the things they did. They sound good.

Irene Ried, pardon us, "Pete," put one over on all of us and spent the summer in Europe. If you can ever find Peter, get her to tell you all about it.

Mildred Lanzara and not her twin sister, Norma Lanzara, spent the summer at Ocean City.

Lottie Malone was at Budd Lake a good part of the time.

Nana Belle Wise tells us she spent the summer playing golf and attending the Art Academy in Cincinnati. No wonder she practices golf with her hockey stick on the field.

Milly Storch is another one to get the gold fever. She played most of the summer at the Mahoning Valley Country Club and loved it.

Nance Cooke tells us her address is the same winter and summer. Beaver when it's cold and Lochern Camp, Fairlee, Vermont when it's supposed to be hot. This summer Cookie was riding counsellor.

Dorothy Moore walked her feet off on the boardwalk at Asbury Park during the month of August.

Kathryn Sheets, in other words "Katy," was at Rye Beach, Lake Erie, and said to be sure and not say "New York."

Unis Howell spent her summer on the Delaware River. The bell was ringing when we asked her, so we didn't hear the place. (Note—It was the end of the period.)

Evelyn Machel, or "Mac," must have had an interesting time. She was a "fair waitress" in Childs Restaurant in Pittsburgh.

Dot Smith is getting in practice early. She worked in a lawyer's office in South Palestine.

Peg Dunn is fortunate in living near the shore—and she took advantage of it more than once this summer.

As far as Leone Lauffer is concerned, Pittsburgh is always an interesting place. And it was this summer.

Betty Morris left the 'news rank' and went to camp this summer. It was in Mexico—Pa.

Martha Burke deserted New Jersey this time and took a trip to Washington, D. C. She went in paddling in the big ocean at Asbury Park, too.

Gert Meyer had charge of a playground in Utica, N.Y. She tells us she just can't get used to high heels again after wearing low ones all summer. In other words she calls herself, "Lizzle Flat Foot." Sounds like a bedtime story!

Lil Allis spelled with TWO L's, did some heavy visiting this summer. It seems to be a secret.

Dottie McCormick went to Scranton—spent July at Huntington Camp—visited Pittsburgh, and oodles of other things.

Peryle Preuss takes the cake when it comes to variety. She dashed between New York, Scranton and Virginia. We understand she had a heavenly time at Cape Charles—and how!

Dottie Lloyd spent the summer at Crystal Lake—and now she's planning to go home for a week-end. Sounds interesting.

Eleanor Brouard spent part of her time at Bay Head, some more in Rhode Island—and a lot of funny places!

Alice Laurle was in Albany and attended Cornell Summer school. Two in one, it seems.

Olive King saw Cleveland, Detroit, Canada and the country!

Marty Baer became Society Editor of her hometown paper at Waynesboro, Pa.

Florence Engelman bursted into print with several poems in her hometown paper.

We think we have been in the Lobby long enough, and toured the country, and Europe pretty much, so we'll get up and leave a seat for some one else.

Oh! You did! The Deuce!

Up and Down the Campus

M. T.

Miss Walton, lately returned from the prairies, was overcome with a desire to shoot and suddenly grasping her bow and arrow, came within an ace of popping off a neighbor's white chicken that was strolling idly across the campus. As she missed the chicken, we missed the soup.

We always thought that berries grew on bushes but in Beaver berries seem to grow on lobby davenport.

We started up town yesterday, dressed for same, when a shrinking ??? freshman asked us if we were dressed for hockey. For Heaven's sake, Hockey team, let's have a practice in costume!

We hooked a freshman on a lobby

by joke yesterday. She actually asked what the lobby course was.

The Journalism department expects an added enrollment. It will be Reiser in his red automobile coming down over the bank and into the window!

Scene—Dr. Thomas' class. Time—Two minutes after class convenes. Enter one girl, who turns and goes out. Enter second girl who turns and goes out. Dr. Thomas: "Those girls are just looking me over this morning."

Students singing on way to chapel. Trespasser on campus: "If you're singing that in parts, leave my part out."

Babies Frolic In Annual

Frosh Party and Contest

Over two hundred prattling freshmen babies, danced and chatted gaily to the accompaniment of the piano in the gym, September 22 at the annual Baby Party. It cannot be denied that fun was had from the side lines, and the "old girls," as well as members of the faculty enjoyed the prancing "freshies."

The main event of the evening was the Grand March, which was judged by Mrs. Zerbucken, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Hall and Dr. Thomas. It took a great deal of debating to decide upon the prettiest freshman. Baby Louise Perry was finally chosen amid much applause. The whole idea resembled the famous Atlantic City Beauty Pageant minus many matters of more or less importance! Baby Dorothy Stover was crowned the cutest freshman. Two freshmen felt absurdly funny that night. They found it necessary to sport tiny blue gingham, huge hair ribbons, laughable dollies and chewing gum galore, even if it is against the rules. After a great deal of prancing around in a long, very long night gown and baby cap, Baby Katherine Clark received the prize for the funniest. Baby Frances Ballard, a charming little southerner with long golden curls became "the most babyish."

After the excitement of the prizes were over, the freshmen began the dance. Ice cream cones were later served.

"I owe a lot to that lady," said the student in a voice of reverence as his landlady passed by.—The Hornet (Furnam University).

In rush week four out of every five women haters are women.—Ohio Wesleyan Transcript.

Among Our Friends

Martha Allsopp, our old friend Pat, has deserted us this year for Columbia University, New York City, where she is studying Journalism with Jackie Rathborne. Jackie is also in the Historical Department of the New York Times.

Gertrude Davis, in other words "Trudy," is at Virginia College this year.

Emilie Theis is teaching in Hatboro. We haven't lost Emilie altogether, as she is with us in the afternoons during the week, in some of our classes.

Charlotte Hatton will be missed this year. But we extend to her the best of wishes. She will become Mrs. Henry Small about next September, so she tells us.

Anne Muntean is teaching at Edge Hill under the Dalton Plan. During the summer Anne was pinch hitting (just some newspaper slang) for the Canton (Ohio) Daily News. We hear she covered everything from sports to the "gloomy run."

Betsy Roth is teaching in a grade school near Scranton.

Jessica Link is at the School of Industrial Art this year.

Katherine Gibbs seems to be quite a popular place this year. Ruth Bowe and Marie Badenhoop are in Boston, and Peg Phillips and Louise Zechlin are in New York.

Of course Bert Shaffer is back with us. It wouldn't seem like school without her. She is assistant coach this year.

Faculty Notes

Mrs. Ruth M. Howell Zerbucken spent the summer at her home in West Winfield, New York.

Mrs. Alice Hoyd Palmer occupied her summer home in the hills of Pennsylvania.

Miss Isobell Hall remained the greater part of the summer at Beaver College interviewing new students. She had a short trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Mrs. Dodge had an interesting trip to Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Miss Gladys Evans put in time in an office in New York for five of the summer weeks. The rest of the summer she stayed at her home in Rome, New York.

Miss Dorothy Page spent her summer at Stoney Creek, Conn.

Dean and Mrs. Virgil Ryder spent their time between their home at Ridgeville, N. J., and Beaver College.

Miss Virginia Walton went West and after spending the month of June in California, spent the rest of the summer "wrangling dudes" in the northern part of Wyoming.

Miss Naomi Light went to Europe and did the sights.

Miss Kathryn Buhrmester studied for the greater part of the summer at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Martin divided his time between Beaver College and his home in Forest Grove.

Miss Virginia Peck and Mrs. Weston kept the library and the post office in good running order during the summer.

Miss Mary Clark spent the summer at her home in Lawrence, Kansas.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Well, Then—We Did Europe

"Oh—well what do you want to know? You know better what to ask me."

A voice from behind: "Now tell her."

"Well now, let's see." A small leather book is duly consulted.

"We sailed on the Roosevelt on June 30. Huh? Oh yes, Secretary Hughes was on board, and a few others."

"Then we reached Plymouth on July 7. We saw all the cathedrals in England, toured the rural district, and finally reached London."

"Oh, a whole crowd of us—thirteen in the party."

"Well then, from England we sailed to Antwerp in Belgium. After fooling around there for awhile, we went to Brussels. Oh, marvelous lace. You should see it."

"Then we got to Cologne. Yes, the perfume was quite reasonably priced there. Now don't interrupt me. From there we went to—let's see—oh yeh—Meinz."

"Soon we started up the Rhine. Heidelberg. The University and the dueling grounds were great."

"All of a sudden we reached Luzerne, Switzerland. Oh I must tell you this."

"You see we went up this crazy mountain called Rigi—well! You go up in a silly little car—you know, a tram, I guess they call it. Well the day after we went up in the darn thing, it was making a trip up the mountain with a number of people in it, and the old thing broke down. And a lot of people were killed!"

"After that we went into the heart of the Alps, and made some very famous passes in true athletic form."

"Gletsch was reached—what! You never heard of that place? Why that's where the Rhone glacier is."

"Then we went marching on to Venice. It was terribly smelly there."

"Yes—and it was full of mosquitoes, too."

"Huh—well I'm coming to that now. Yes, we went over the Bridge of Sighs, and sighed plenty, believe me."

"Oh it was hot. Hot—
And dirty."

"From there, we went to Florence. Got some beautiful things there. Lots of shawls, leather goods and gloves and things. And an awful lot of art."

"Yes—I think that is a lovely picture of her. I got that frame in Florence."

"Er—then we went to Turin. And from there to Pisa. Saw the Tower. What does it look like? Well, just like a building gone wrong."

"After much wandering around from Switzerland to France, we got to Paris."

"What did I do there?" Eyes right—eyes left—and up."

"W-e-l-l- saw some shows at the Casino,—um-huh, and pictures at the Louvre. Then we went to Versailles and Fontainebleau. Oh yes—I forgot to say that we went through Victor Hugo's house—but maybe that wouldn't interest anyone."

"Sure, we got some gorgeous things at Paris, too. Everyone does."

"We left August 26, on the Corona. Got home on September 5. And we were so hot, and dirty and needed hair cuts so badly."

"And I wasn't sea-sick, either."

FALL

The air, scented with ripened fruit,
Is sharpened by the cool, crisp
wind, which
Snatches the brown dried leaves
As if to hide them in some obscure
corner
Like a thief with ill-gotten gains.

Peryll Preuss

Lo, the Poor Indian

Suppose that a member of the Campus Crier staff requested you to contribute an article on "INDIANS—What about them?—Oh, anything, just so it is about INDIANS—," what would you say? It does seem that she would at least give you a definite subject since there are hundreds of tribes of so-called "redskins" scattered over this terrestrial ball of ours, doesn't it? One usually writes about that of which she knows most, so I must limit my discussion to the Indians of one state, namely, Oklahoma. If any of you happen to have read the page, written by Mr. Burke, head of Indian Affairs at Washington, in the Sunday edition of the New York Times not so very long ago, you will recall that the first thing he did was to give a list of the various states and the Indian population of each. Oklahoma headed the list with a total of 120,000; then came Arizona with 42,000, and third was Oregon with 24,000.

In Oklahoma there are Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, Osages, Poncas, Cheyennes, Sacas and other tribes. A native instantly recognizes not only to what tribe an Indian belongs, but also whether he is a half, quarter or an eighth breed or if he is a full blood. To one who is unaccustomed to living among or associating with Indians, an Indian is a novelty and something to be gazed at in awe. Let me say that nothing annoys an Indian more or makes him more angry than to have someone stop and gaze at him, try to get a snapshot of him or turn around and stare while he walks on. Tourists are the ones who do this, and it is nothing more than natural because their motive in travelling is to see something different. Some people who have never seen Indians except in movies have rather exaggerated ideas of their ferocity. Some even think that the Indians are still running around in their former state of savagery, scalping old men and women, beating babies' brains out with their tomahawks, and carrying off pretty maidens, the last of which is true. But they do not carry them off on horseback or on foot as of yore. Instead they drive off in their Pierce-Arrows, Packards, etc.

Strange it seems to see the beautiful homes, exquisitely furnished, the gorgeous limousines, lovely Italian gardens and the like, owned by the Osages who still wear their hair braided, earrings, blankets, moccasins, and shawls and who crawl all over their expensive furniture with their hands full of fat, greasy meat, ruining whatever they happen to touch. Money means nothing to the average Osage. The Osages are the wealthiest Indians per capita in the world.

This is due to the fact that oil is found abundantly on their reservation. It is a sad fact that the Osage Nation is filled with white people who make their money preying on the Indians. However, this fact is greatly exaggerated in newspapers and other magazines by those who do not know or who purposely misrepresent such cases just to give the outside world a sensational story. Besides the wealth derived from oil, the Osages own the best ranches in that section of the country.

All tribes are not so lucky as the Osages. Some are very poor. It is needless to say that most Indians prefer sitting around to working. The Cherokees are considered the most advanced. Several of our congressmen are part Cherokee. The Indians still hold to their tribal dances and customs. I could ramble on for hours about the different tribes, their customs, characteristics, etc., but I fear this is growing long for the Campus Crier Readers.

Margaret Shortall

Bringing Home the Paper

Sock! And it sounds like Milt Gross and his favorite "not in de head Moriss!" It's really only a newspaper. Have you ever tried to fold one in a train, sitting next to a large woman with larger headgear? Try it next time and see how you like it. It may give you an impression of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." You have jumped on the train and dashed madly down the aisle doing your best to find a seat by a window and finally ended up by sitting meekly down by a feminetta of rather extra large proportions. After all your bundles are nicely arranged and you settle down to read the news of the day, the thoughtful conductor makes his appearance and you rummage wildly in your lap for your ticket. After much hunting it comes to light and the "kind" man-of-the-puncher gives it an extra punch of impatience, bestows a heated glance and marches majestically down the aisle in quest of further unfortunates.

All settled again. Out comes the paper and much of interest is found on the first page. Then—"continued on page sixteen." Mad turning of pages, sheets slipping out, mad grabs, much thanking and then ready for the exciting event to be continued and—"page sixteen." More turning and as your arm shoots in the air you poke the dame of the large hat. A slant from Paris, latest fashion, meets your eye, much apologizing and the hat is straightened amid glances of forthcoming murder.

Ah, Page sixteen at last. Frantic, hair-raising reading down one column, and—"continued on page eighteen!" As your hand again shoots to catch the unruly sheets the kind gentleman's hat in front of you takes a front dive to his Roman bridge. More black looks and—oh, at last page eighteen!

The portly figure of the punch-man appears in the door calls the name of your station. Grabbing of papers, parcels, 'pologies, and then—as you step in the aisle that blankety-blank paper flies beautifully in all directions. You pick it up amid many side smiles and as you descend the steps of the noble conveyance, you throw it from you on the platform with murder on your conscience. A step behind you and—"Pardon me but you dropped your paper." Sweet smiles, untimely grins and you stuff the hanged thing in your pocket and start the climb to the roost. As you enter the door a wild scramble is heard from within. "Did you bring the paper?"

Well, it was worth it. There is some truth in the old sign board, "Home Sweet Home."

C. Merritt

Barber Shops

All day long ugly men with black beards came and they went away ugly but smooth-shaven.

And sometimes in the mornings childish old men who had had a fretful night, cluttered up the shop with their whiny voices and their long straggly beards.

In the afternoons, all the 'night-shifts' tore off numbered tickets and waited; there were waitresses, ditch-diggers, and policemen, mill-workers, burglars and nurses.

But at night there was the putt-putt of the hot-water tank in which many towels were boiling, and the tick-tick of the clock donated by the local jeweler and the tears of a white-haired cleaning-woman that dropped to the floor one by one—

Florence Engelman

The Frosh on Archery

And, my dear! You simply must have seen the archery exhibition at Beaver on Tuesday! No? What a shame!—and Mr. Brown and Mr. Johnson, the professionals, did look so spiffy in their white knickers, golf hose and black and white sport shoes and yes—the duckiest leather wrist protectors and two finger gloves.

The rules? There were simply oodles of them! You should have seen the arrow hit the bull's eye when they were strictly followed! First your bow and arrow should be held in your left hand which you hold stiff at your side. Then you sight the object you hope to hit and gradually bring the bow up and out while your right hand draws the tail of the arrow directly under the right side of your chin—like a gun barrel, you know. And then, you should have seen the funny mouths the instructor made the girls make to prove that the arrow was in the correct position. It was simply a hoot. And you know what a huge mouth Susie Plotkins has anyway—she certainly looked like one of the John Held, Jr., characters come to life.

Next you must be sure the bow string comes right in front of your eye. It actually made my eyes water to watch it! Then, if everything seems set just right, release the arrow and watch it go—No, that is the joke, it went way over the top of the target. A little practice though, and then we are all going out to demonstrate! After six shots we race out to the field to locate our wayward arrows. The arrows are often nearby, but hard to see in the grass. When the case appears hopeless, Mr. Brown demonstrates a shuffling step that is not unlike our "black bottom" and lo! the arrow appears.

Really, you ought to come out at two-fifteen some afternoon and see how we have improved. Who knows?—perhaps the instructors will be out again to visit us soon, so promise you won't miss seeing them? There, I just knew you would.

Adelaide Taylor

Ask Me Another

Why does a duck cross the road?

Tom Burns, winner of the Tacony sweepstakes, has been trying to answer that question ever since he halted his big car for a family of newly-hatched ducks on the West Chester Pike recently.

The incident occurred when Mama Duck decided to take her crew adventuring. When her journey was half completed a red roadster suddenly appeared, burning up the roadbed, but her brood never wavered in their march across the wide concrete. The ducklings went on slowly and sedately, making excited "quack quacks," but never hurrying. The red auto came closer, closer, slowed down—and stopped. Three, four, five ducks followed Mama over the great road. The man in the auto removed his goggles, ran his hand through his sandy hair and smiled. Six, seven, eight ducks followed their leader. Cars lined up in back of the red roadster. Down the hill to the crossroads, back up the hill to the farm, all along the road, the cars were lined and not until the last fuzzy duck had safely reached the opposite curb did the red roadster proceed on its way—and when it did so it was up over the next hill before the car in back had started.

Eleanor Tofel

Psychology

From the Stuff and Nonsense,
"Alphabetical Education,"

By Don Rose

Psychology is a modern device for determining which way the cat will jump. This used to be a matter of serious doubt and apprehension, but it can now be settled for any cat or any number of cats by a system of scientific experimentation. If trained in psychology you can fore-determine the behaviour of your friends, relatives, children, employees, homebrew, and investments, though there still remains the problem of what to do about it.

Psychology was first introduced into the college curriculum to bring the number of courses up to an even five hundred, but it has since intruded itself like the Arab's camel until it occupies most of the tent. There is now a psychological annex to every subject except Sanscrit, in addition to the numerous courses devoted exclusively to the new study. The skill and experience of the professors of psychology in the practical workings of their own philosophy is clearly shown by the number of students who take their courses. A modern student, in fact, would no more think of leaving college without psychology than he would think of entering it without vaccination.

Psychology is undoubtedly a fascinating study, involving as it does a sort of vivisection of the emotions, habits, and capacities of other people. It is the scientific equivalent of minding other people's business, which is the recognized hallmark of our civilization. It has numerous practical applications to business, society, government, and daily life, and may even be occasionally useful. It is therefore an ideal educational topic.

An earnest student of psychology concerns himself with a vast assortment of foolish phenomena. He learns the reason why a man will not sit on a hot stove; why red is not green; why paperhangers read tabloid newspapers; and how old is Anne. He divides and sub-divides the human mind, and labels the pieces on card-index cards, with which he then plays solitaire to his heart's content. When he has thoroughly mastered his subject he gets the wrong job and marries the wrong girl and raises the wrong kind of a family and votes for the wrong party, just like his grandfather, if any.

Classes in psychology cannot very well use either the students or the professor as subjects, since their prospective reactions are either en-

tirely too inevitable or entirely foreign to the behaviour of normal humanity. It is customary to use guinea-pigs, goldfish, and bull-frogs, or to call in the janitor. In order to study psychology a frog's leg is hung up and pinched by the professor or one of the most attractive of the co-eds. If the leg kicks it is psychology; if it doesn't, it is a stale frog.

Some things not yet determined by psychology are (1) why men wear red neckties, (2) why beer tastes best out of brown bottles, and (3) why people read The Dearborn Independent. When these are settled there will be others.

The Reporter

"Mr. Martin, will you tell me about yourself?" I boldly ask as I rather timidly stalk down the aisle of the Chapel toward the great tired organ which was rolling out low, deep, solemn groans in mighty chords.

"Tell you about myself? Well—, his eyes mirrored laughter—er couldn't I tell you about my wife?"

I replied, "But you see I want to know some of your past experiences."

"Well, you'd better talk it over with her. She knows more about the subject than I do."

Almost at a loss I strike an idea. I'll get him started talking on the Beaver College Glee Club.

"The Glee Club? Oh, yes," in all seriousness, "we have a mighty fine Club this year, mighty fine, about eighty-five members—a remarkable growth over last year."

"At such an early date, of course, nothing definite as to the concerts; and—er—the annual broadcast has been arranged. But, in time everything will be settled and things ought to run along very smoothly."

And they should under the management of such a competent conductor as Charles H. Martin. For seven years he has headed the organ department of Beechwood School and Beaver College very efficiently, with the result that this year has the largest enrollment of organ pupils in the history of the organization.

His experiences in musical circles have been vast and various. He was the first conductor of the Pittsburgh Festival Orchestra on Chautauqua tours and he gave music festivals with the Chicago, the Pittsburgh, the Cincinnati and the Russian Symphony Orchestras. In Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, he gave several concerts with noted choruses and Metropolitan soloists. He was appointed conductor of the Cambria Symphony Orchestra in Johnstown and the Fes-

tival Civic Choruses.

Besides, he is master of the famous "Junger Mannenchor" at Bethany Temple, one of the largest in Philadelphia. He conducts a number of other male choruses. Just think how busy the leader of our Beaver College Glee Club must be!

And yet, with all his important engagements, he is always the same, patient and jovial, always ready for a good laugh. Everyone admires his good nature.

Inter-Collegiate Press Clippings

The craze for knowledge seems to have reached its climax in the desire to know just what the word "choose" means.—San Francisco Chronicle.

She: I dream my stories.

He: My! how you must hate to go to bed.—Athenaeum, (W. Va.)

Higher education is a process of unlearning what we already know.—Athenaeum (West Virginia).

Suggestion for the lad who fails to be with us this year: "I do not choose to return to college this year."—Campus (Rochester)

It's a fine thing to learn a foreign language if you are one of the 317 people who know their own.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nit: I had a date with a professional mind reader once.

Wit: Did she enjoy her vacation?—Shaft (Oberlin)

Springfield, Ohio—(IP)—Something new in international intercollegiate debates will be inaugurated here on December 1 when the Co-ed debating team of Wittenberg college will meet an English men's debate squad made up of a Welchman, a Scotchman and an Englishman.

"Resolved, that co-education is a failure" will be the argument that the foreigners will support, while the

co-eds will defend their own side of the question.

Rochester, N. Y.—(IP)—Compulsory chapel has been abolished at the University of Rochester by action of the board of trustees of that institution. In place of the required chapel, services there will be held two weekly meetings of the students, both voluntary. One will be of a religious purpose, and the other for the transaction of business.

Concord, N. H.—(IP)—Helen "Gwen" Jones, twenty-four-year-old co-ed at the University of New Hampshire, has launched her campaign for Mayor of Concord. She will run against three Democrats, all men. She has announced her slogans as:

"Not pre-election promises, post-election action," and "Concord, the finest city in which to live, and a square deal for every inhabitant."

New York—(IP)—Alumni of Harvard and Princeton, all former football stars in college days, are planning an "inter-alumni" football game between the two universities in an effort to heal the athletic breach between the institutions. Some of the most famous players from both schools are on the tentative line-up for the game. The game will be played in Yankee Stadium here on October 30.

Washington, D. C.—(IP)—Get-togethers and smokers of the frosh and sophs are to take the place of hazing at George Washington University here, following a meeting of representative sophomores, upperclassmen and President Marvin.

The decision was reached, according to the University Hatchet, university student publication, with the idea that friendliness rather than enmity foster the best school spirit, which is the real purpose of freshman rules.

A tug-of-war instead of a class scrap takes place between the two underclasses.

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Plans of Music Department

Emma Warde Ryder, director of the Beaver College Music Department, announces that the registration of music students at this time of year far exceeds that of any previous year in the history of the institution. Twenty-four students have registered for pipe organ and the number of registrations in the piano and vocal department is equally large.

A list of interesting recitals will be given during the year by the students and various members of the faculty.

The Junger Marfenchor, under the direction of Charles H. Martin, leader of the Beaver College Glee Club and a member of the Beaver College music faculty, will give a concert in the Beaver Auditorium, Wednesday evening, November 9, at eight o'clock. This famous choir has won more prizes than any similar musical order and has been awarded three prizes by the German Emperor. Featuring in the concert will be two noted soloists. The program will be announced at a later date.

The first of the Student Recitals will be given by the students of the Music Department the latter part of October.

Try-outs for the Glee Club began the first week in October and the first practice was held in the College Auditorium, Monday evening, October 10.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Burton Piersol of the Music Faculty have promised to give a song recital at an early date.

Joe: What killed that aviator?
Jim: A severe sinking spell.

She: What did Shakespeare mean when he said, "The evil men do lives after them?"

He: You must remember, dear, that statistics show that most men die before their wives.

Reserve Red Cat

Criss-Cross

Fred Stone's latest creation has come to the Erlanger Theatre.

In Criss-Cross, Fred Stone does not use his story-book people or lay the scene in a fairyland. Instead he takes us to a French convent where the heroine, Dorothy Stone, is studying. Soon the hero, an American aviator, drops in on her. The aviator's mechanic is Fred Stone.

When some suggestions of the plot have been made, the author takes us to Persia where he introduces some fantastic costumes and dancing. We also meet Artie in Persia; Artie is a pet camel.

While most of the music is not at all striking, merely forming a background to the acts, we do remember "You will, won't You," which is the musical theme of the play.

There is a charming dance in which Fred Stone and his daughter do a clog up and down a long flight of steps. The Persian costumes are weird and colorful, and the effects that are achieved when the chorus is grouped to sing or dance, are marvelous. Yellows, pinks, and blues shade into each other and emerge again as the chorus moves.

The play is well produced and shows interest on the part of every member of the cast.

Eleanor Tafel

Tell me, friend, oh, tell me!
Who did Paul Revere?
Do Jersey cows wear jerseys?
Is near-beer very near?
Are humbugs bugs?
And why are rugs?
Do swallows swallow fast?
Are highbrows really always high?
Do flies like to be cast?

And if you think I'm going bats,
Be lenient, worthy brother.
I'm merely getting goofy from
That dumb "Ask Me Another."

Columbia Jester

Speaker (excited): Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you: Do I look like I descended from a monkey? Do I? Back Seat Wit: No, ye don't now, for a fact. Tell us how it happened.

—Virginia Reel.

"I have just finished writing a modern novel."

"Great, does the heroine marry the right man?"

"She does; a different one in each chapter."

—Colby White Mule.

Chicago ain't what it used to be. It's all shot now.

—Lehigh Burr.

Second: Connoisseur?

First: Yes; kinda sore.

—Oregon Orange Owl.

Teacher: Use statue in a sentence.
Abie: Ven I came in last night my papa says, "Statue, Abie?"

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

"Do you know what happened when the ancient mariner stopped one of three?"

"The other two were insulted."

—N. Y. Medley.

Sometimes the only thing a man gets out of college is himself.

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

Coy Young Thing: I hate to think of my twenty-fifth birthday.

The Brute: Why, what happened?

—Wet Hen.

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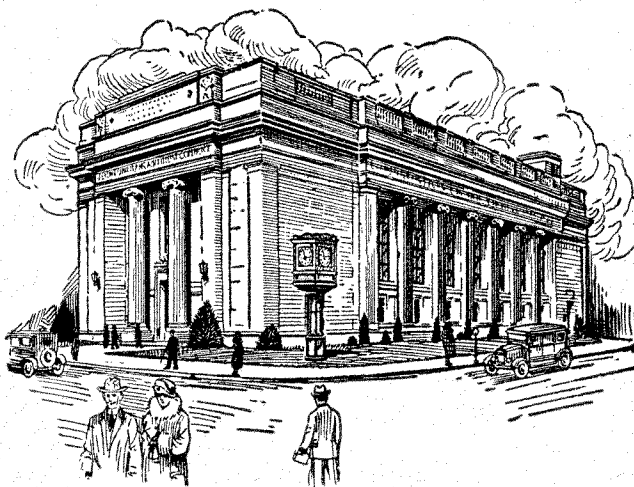
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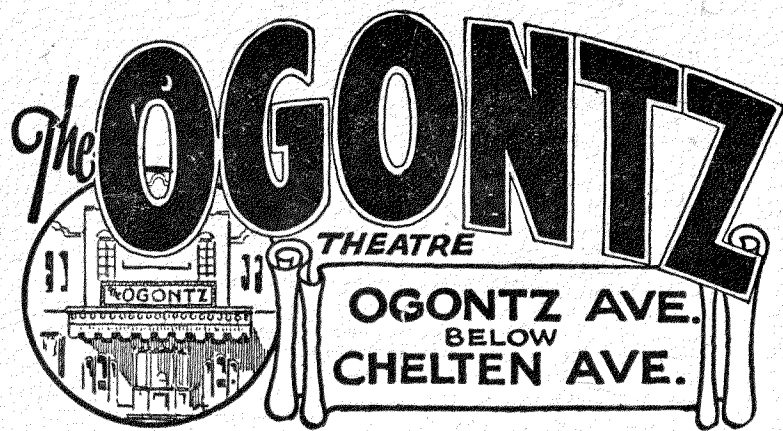
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